

FACULTY *friends*

Judith Richardson, soprano
Janet Scott-Hoyt, piano

Friday, January 26, 2001
at 8:00 pm



Program



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Liebesbotschaft
Im Frühling
Das Lied im Grünen
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Auf Flgeln des Gesanges
Der Mond
Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Cäcilie, Op.27, No.2
All mein Gedanken, Op.21, No.1
Befreit, Op.39, No. 4

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Nell
Automne
En Sourdine
Mandoline
Nocturne

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Hermit Songs (1953)

- I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
- II. Church Bell at Night
- III. St. Ita's Vision
- IV. The Heavenly Banquet
- V. The Crucifixion
- VI. Sea Snatch
- VII. Promiscuity
- VIII. The Monk and His Cat
- IX. The Praises of God
- X. The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Aye Fond Kiss
My Love is like a Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns
(1759-1796)

Ye Banks and Braes(1788)

Traditional Air
James Miller

Translations

Liebesbotschaft/Tidings of Love

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Murmuring brooklet, so silver and bright,
do you haste to my love so merry and fast?
Ah, dear brooklet, my messenger be;
carry her greetings from one far away.

All her cherished flowers in the garden,
those she so sweetly wears at her breast,
and her roses in their crimson glow,
refresh, brooklet, with your cooling waters.

When she, at your side, lost in dreams,
thinking of me, hangs low her head,
console my sweet with a kindly look,
for soon shall her beloved return.

When the sun sinks in a reddish gleam,
rock my sweetheart into slumber.
Murmur her into sweet repose,
whisper her dreams of love.

Im Frühling/In Spring

Text: Ernst Schultze

Silent, I sit on the hillside,
the heavens are so clear,
the breeze plays in the green valley,
where, in spring's first gleam,
I was once, ah, so happy.

Where at her side I walked,
so fondly and so close,
and, deep in the dark rocky stream,
saw the fair heavens blue and bright,
and in the heavens her too.

See, how gaily-coloured spring
peeps from bud and blossom!
All blossom is not alike to me,
most gladly from that branch I'd pick
from which she once picked.

For all is still as once it was,
the flowers and the field;
no less brightly shines the sun,
and no less kindly in the stream
heaven's blue image floats.

Will and delusion, they only change,
joy alternates with quarrel,
happiness of love flies by,
and love alone remains,
love, and ah, the pain.

Im Frühling/In Spring

Oh, if only I were a tiny bird,
there on the meadow's bank,
then on these branches here I'd stay,
and sing a sweet song of her,
all the summer through.

Das Lied im Grünen/Song in the Open

Text: Friedrich Reil

To the open, the open, where Spring
that delightful lad, beckons,
and, on flower-twined staff, leads us
to where the lark and blackbird are so awake,
to woods, to fields, to hill, to brook,
to the open, the open.

In the open, the open life is so blissful
gladly we wander,
and while yet from afar we fix our eyes there,
and as we thus wander with joyful heart,
the child's delight flows ever about us,
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open, the stars grow
so clear, which the wise men
of old command for life's guidance,
the clouds so tenderly touch us in passing,
hearts become lighter, the senses clear,
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open, many a plan
has been borne on wings,
the future--divested of its fearful aspect,
the eye is strengthened, the gaze refreshed,
the desires sway gently thither and back,
in the open, the open.

To the open, the open, let us merrily follow
the friendly lad.

If, one day, life is no longer green for
then we have wisely not missed the green time,
and have, when appropriate, happily dreamed
in the open, the open.

Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel

Text: Johann Wolfgang Goethe

My peace is gone,
my heart is sore,
never shall I find
peace ever more.

Where he is not,
there is my grave,
all the world
to me is gall.

Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen At The Spinning-wheel (cont'd.)

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor wits
destroyed.

Only for him I gaze
from the window,
only for him I go
from the house.

His superior walk,
his noble air,
his smiling mouth,
his compelling eyes.

And his words--
their magic flow,
and the press of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My heart craves
for him,
oh, to clasp
and to hold,

and kiss him,
just as I liked,
and in his kisses
pass away!

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges/On Wings of Song

Text: Heinrich Heine

On wings of song,
dearest, will I bear you away,
away to the Ganges meadows,
where I know of the nicest place.

A red-blossoming garden lies there
in the quiet light of the moon,
the lotus flowers are waiting
for their own sister dear.

The violets titter, talk fondly,
and gaze to the stars above,
the roses whisper their scented
stories into each other's ear.

Here come leaping to listen
alert and gentle gazelles,
and in the distance splashing,
the waves of the sacred stream.

There let us sink down
beneath the palm tree,
and drink in love and peace,
and dream a blissful dream.

Der Mond/ The Moon

Text: Emmanuel Geibel

My heart is like the gloomy night,
When all the boughs are sighing;
The moon breaks out with all her light
Through clouds in flight,
And lo! how silent now the woods are lying.

And you are like the radiant moon
In love's glow and gladness;
One restful, restful look alone
From you, my own,
And lo! you've won this heart away from
madness.

Hexenlied/Witches Song

Text: Ludwig Holty

The swallow flies, and Winter dies,
For flowery Spring is advancing,
Now in the night we'll soon take flight,
And hey! for our glorious dancing!

Riding a rout on broom or goat
And tongs and shovels we'll flock on,
Mounting skyhigh, away we'll fly
Like mad on the wind to the Brocken!

Satan's seat our troop will flit,
And kiss him his claw till it scorches;
Ghosts in a swarm, with welcome warm,
Will brandish their wavering torches!

Satan will chaff our troop, and laugh,
And promise whatever we'd rather;
All of our ilk shall dress in silk,
And gold by the handful we'll gather.

With fiery eye a dragon will fly
For butter and eggs to the neighbours;
And signing the cross they'll mourn their loss,
We'll live on the fruit of their labors.

The swallow flies, and Winter dies,
For flowery spring is advancing,
Now in the night we'll soon take flight,
And rally for glorious dancing!

Cecily/Cecily

Text: Heinrich Hart

If you but knew what it is to dream
Of burning kisses, of wandering,
Of reposing with the loved one,
Of gazing into each other's eyes, and caressing,
and murmuring,
If you but knew it, you would let your heart
consent!

Cacily/Cecily

If you but knew what it is to be afraid
Through the lonely nights, assailed by storms,
When the strife-weary woul is not soothed by
gentle words,

If you but knew it, you would come to me.
If you but knew what it is to live
Envolved in the immense breath of divinity,
To soar upwards, raised and carried to sublime
heights,
If you but knew this, you would live with me.

All mein Gedanken/All My Thoughts

Text: Felix Dahn

All my thoughts, my heart and mind,
wander to where my loved one is.
They go their way despite wall and gate,
no bar, no ditch is proof against them,
go, like the birds, high through the air,
needing no bridge over water and gorge,
they find the town and find the house,
find her window amongst all the others

and knock and shout:
Open up, let us in,
we come from your love,
and you we greet,
open up, open up, let us in.

Befreit/Freed

Text: Richard Dehmel

You will not weep, softly, softly,
You will smile and, as if before a journey,
I will respond with a glance and a kiss.
Our lovely four walls, you gave them life,
I have made them for you into a whole world.
Oh happiness!

Then you will warmly clasp my hand,
And surrender to me your soul,
Will leave me with our children.
You gave me all your life,
I will give it back to them,
Oh happiness!
It will be very soon, we both know it;
We have freed each other from pain,
And so I gave you back to the world.
Henceforth, you will come to me only in
dreams,
To bless me and to cry with me,
Oh happiness!

Nell/Nell

Text: Leconte de Lisle

Your purple rose in your bright sun,
O June, is sparkling as if intoxicated;
Bend your golden cup also toward me;
My heart is just like your rose
Under the soft shelter of a shady bough

Nell/Nell (cont'd.)

A sigh of pleasure rises up;
More than one ring-pigeon sings in the remote
wood,
O my heart, its amorous lament.

How sweet your pearl is in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the bright light
That shines in my charmed heart!

The singing sea, all along the shore,
Will silence its eternal murmuring
Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Automne/Autumn

Text: Armand Silvestre

Autumn of misty skies, of heart-rending
horizons,
Of hasty sunsets, of pale dawns,
I see flowing like the waters of a torrent,
Your days filled with melancholy.
My thoughts, carried away on wings of regret,
As if our lifetime could be reborn,
Roam dreaming through the enchanted hills,
Where, in days gone by, my youth delighted!
I feel in the bright sunlight of triumphant
recollections,
The scattered roses blooming again in a
bouquet,
And I feel tears rising to my eyes, which in my
heart
My twenty years had forgotten!

En Sourdine/Muted

Text: Paul Verlaine

Serene in the twilight
Created by the high branches,
Let our love be imbued
With this profound silence.
Let us blend our souls, our hearts,
And our enraptured senses,
Amidst the faint langour
Of the pines and arbutus.
Half close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your weary heart
Drive away forever all plans.
Let us surrender
To the soft and rocking breath
Which comes to your feet and ripples
The waves of the russet lawn.
And when, solemnly, the night
Shall descend from the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, shall sing.

Mandoline/Mandolin

Text: Paul Verlaine

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandoline chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Nocturne/Nocturne

Text: de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam

The night, in great mystery
Opens its blue jewel box:
As many flowers on earth,
As stars in the sky.

One sees its sleeping shadows
enlightened each moment,
As much by the charmed flower
As by the charming stars.

For me, my night of the darkened veil
Has for its charm and clearness
But one flower and one star.
My love and your beauty.

Hermit Songs

Text: Anonymous Irish

texts(Eighth-Thirteenth Century)

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches
and the bells bewailing your sores and your
wounds,

But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!

What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its
own ease?

Only begotten Son by whom all men were
made,

who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell,
struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her in the form of
a Baby

and then she said:

"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
what King is there but you who could
Give everlasting Good?
wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast,
at my breast."

The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my
own house;

with vats of good cheer laid out for them.

I would like to have the three Marys, their
fame so great.

I would like people from every corner of
heaven.

I would like them to be cheerful in their
drinking.

I would like to have Jesus sitting here among
them.

I would like a great lake of beer for the King of
Kings.

I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son.
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for his sake
Came upon His Mother.

Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us ,it has
drowned us,
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven;
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from
Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has
drowned us,
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven!

Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep
alone.

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.

The Praises of God

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody
near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last
pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the
cold spring.

That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs far from
the houses of the great.

Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone,
alone I came into the world,
alone I shall go from it.

Ae Fond Kiss

Text: Robert Burns
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fareweel and then forever
Deep in heartrung tears I'll pledge thee.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted
We had ne'er been brokenhearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest.
Thine be ilka joy and pleasure,
Peace enjoyment, love and treasure.

Oh! My Love is like a Red, Red Rose

Text: Robert Burns
Oh! my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
Oh! my love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair thou art, my bonnie love,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love the still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
But fair thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while;
And I will come again my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon

Text: Robert Burns

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair:
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilk a bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine!
Wi' lightsome heart I put a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my false lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

A former graduate of the University of Alberta, soprano **Judith Richardson** has recently returned from many years of professional singing in England and South Africa. Concerts in Great Britain have included performances at St. Margaret's Westminster, St. Martin in the Fields , at Knole for the National Trust, and at the Dartington International School in Devon. In June she returned for masterclasses and concerts in Chichester. During the past year, Judith has appeared with the Alberta Baroque Ensemble and also with the Red Deer and Lethbridge Symphonies in their performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony.

Janet Scott Hoyt is widely known as a pianist, teacher and adjudicator. Her university studies were completed at the University of Alberta. Further studies were done in Europe with Cecile Genhart and at The Banff Centre with Gyorgy Sebok and Menachem Pressler. Since 1973, she has been a member of the music faculty at The Banff Centre, and in 1995, was nominated to lead the Collaborative Pianists Faculty there. Through her long association with The Banff Arts Festival, sh has performed with many artists of international reputation and with students from around the world. She was named to the piano faculty of the Department of Music at the University of Alberta in 1998.

Upcoming Events:

January

28 Sunday, 8:00 pm

The University Symphony Orchestra

Malcolm Forsyth, Conductor

with the Praetorius String Quartet

Program will include works by Forsyth,

Moncayo, Villa-Lobos and Roy Harris

Third Symphony

29 Monday, 12:00 pm

Noon-Hour Organ Recital

The recital presents a variety of organ

repertoire played by students of the

Department of Music. Free admission

31 Wednesday, 7:30 pm

Brass Masterclass

with Visiting Artist

Jeffrey Anderson

Free admission

February

4 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

Kimberly Nikkel, choral conducting

Haydn *Missa Sancti Nicolai*, Brahms *Es ist*

das Heil uns kommen her and Poulenc's

Salve Regina. Free admission

5 Monday, 12:10 pm

Music at Noon, Convocation Hall Student

Recital Series featuring students from the

Department of Music

Free admission

Friday, 8:00 pm

Faculty and Friends

Duo Majoya

Marnie Giesbrecht, piano

Joachim Segger, piano

Schubert *Rondo in A Major; Fantasia in F*

Minor; Three March Militaires, and

Wanderer Fantasy

12 Monday, 8:00 pm

Doctor of Music Recital

Gayle Martin, organ

Free admission

15 Thursday, 8:00 pm

Faculty Recital

Haley Simons, piano

Program will include works by JS Bach,

Debussy, Liszt, Chopin and Bashaw

17 Saturday, 6:30 pm

The University of Alberta

Academy Strings Valentine's Ball

Faculty Club, University of Alberta.

The Academy Strings will play

waltzes and polkas. Operatic serenades

during dessert. \$45 per person.

For ticket and more information,

call Laura at 487-6875.

26 Monday, 12:00 pm

Noon-Hour Organ Recital

The recital presents a variety of organ

repertoire played by students of the

Department of Music. Free admission

26 Monday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

Carolina Giesbrecht, violin

Program will include works by Franck,

Villa-Lobos and Saint-Saëns.

Free admission



Unless otherwise indicated

Admission: \$5/student/senior, \$10/adult

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.

Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).

The Classics



Classic Examples

Mon to Wed from 6 to 8 PM, Thu from 6-8:30 PM

Saturday & Sunday Breakfast

Sat from 6 till 9 AM and Sun from 7 till 9 AM

Crescendo

Wed from 8 till 10 PM

Bel Canto

Sun from 8 till 10 PM

Music for a Sunday Night

Sun from 10:30 PM till 1 AM

Hear a world of difference!



"Music is well said to be
the speech of angels".
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

94.9
FM



THE
EDMONTON ART GALLERY